



# GROWTH

a danganronpa fanzine







# Growth

Preface

“Danganronpa” means a lot of things to a lot of people, as all big fandoms tend to. For some it’s a feeling of dread in their stomach from the unfortunate drama “Danganronpa” tends to be infamous for, for others it’s a place where they met people who made an impact in their lives, positive or otherwise.

A certain depressing charm can be found in this series, what with the inevitability of the majority of the cast’s deaths. It can leave one hoping for more, for a life beyond the game that certain characters were unable to obtain, for a happiness that they struggled for, for growth, however rugged and twisted that climb upward might be, because that’s what we, as people, experience ourselves, as cliché of a sentiment as that might be.

That’s what this zine sets out to accomplish. A realistic, happy end for these characters we care about, ones they weren’t able to obtain in canon.

We hope that the effort and care placed into this fanzine can reach you!



# Danganronpa:

*Trigger Happy Havoc*







Junko lied about a lot of things. The world hadn't ended, they weren't being broadcasted, and the killing game wasn't fair.

Makoto had been crushed to death because Kyoko thought she liked herself a little more than she liked him. That had been true. She isn't sure if she feels the same way now.

Her grandfather's study is quiet, and the little buzzes her phone makes when Aoi texts her fill up the whole room. She wants to get together with everyone. Yasuhiro said yes. Toko hasn't responded. Byakuya's parents flew him out of the country as soon as they were released from Junko's game. Kyoko's turned her down before, but her conscience tells her there's a limit to how many times she can leave Aoi alone with Yasuhiro.

Kyoko sighs and dismisses the thought. Yasuhiro's not a bad person, and she doesn't really owe Aoi anything. But the last time she thought something like that she got someone killed. Kyoko says she'll be there, and Yasuhiro sends her a smiley face.

The weather turns bad. The meeting is cancelled. Kyoko doesn't feel relief or disappointment. She just stares out the window of her grandfather's study into the fog.

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Her father is dead, which is an interesting fact. He was killed before their game began, and everyone tells her that he fought to protect them right up until his last breath and died with honor. It doesn't take much deductive reasoning to know that's a lie. Kyoko knows there's no honor in the deaths Junko doled out.

She keeps her mouth shut through the service for all the killing game victims, her father's portrait front and center. The Togamis sent their condolences and kept their son faraway. Toko showed up and kept her mouth shut, too, while Aoi cried and Yasuhiro tugged at the sleeves of his ill fitted suit.

They made the tacit agreement to keep quiet on the atrocities they committed against each other. No one really needs to know who killed and betrayed who to survive. Kyoko had walked into the service intending to break that rule for herself, but the Naegis seemed like nice people and they don't deserve to be another tool in her self-loathing.

Kyoko stood and sat and bowed her head when required. She didn't cry for her dead classmates or for herself and her stolen future. Both were too distant and incorporeal for her to really feel anything towards.

Aoi said as many words as she could for Sakura until she broke down completely. Yasuhiro fumbled the rest of the way through her speech for her with lots of "uh"s and vague statements about how cool Sakura was. He got lost along the way and nearly mentioned how he tried to kill her before finding a path back to an awkward ending. Aoi still thanked him and insulted herself for failing.

Toko stood a few feet away from them, caught in her conflict to either join potentially the only people in the world who had a chance at understanding her or tug at her braids in her self-imposed isolation. Kyoko didn't have the same dilemma. It wasn't her cold outer shell that kept her at bay and her eyes dry. It was the daze. She told herself over and over that her father wasn't important to her. He was so unimportant that she filled notebooks with hundreds of declarations of just how much she didn't care about him.

Toko eventually made the few steps over to Aoi and Yasuhiro and managed to avoid insulting either too badly for the rest of the service. Kyoko stared at the portrait of the man she had walked into Hope's Peak to be freed from.

She promised to kill Junko, solve the mystery of the academy, and cut ties with her father. Kyoko emerged from the school victorious in everything she set out to accomplish.

She goes home without an unnecessary word to her fellow survivors or Makoto's family or any of the people who offer to console her for her father's death.

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Kyoko's always been a rationalist. Numbness is a normal reaction to grief or trauma. Her line of work requires her to keep up a degree of emotional distance at all times, lest the trauma of going through the pockets of dead bodies consume her, or so she's been told. The difference between that, the regular exposure to the worst crimes people can commit against each other, and the killing game seems minimal, really. She was just a victim rather than an outsider this time, but these days Kyoko feels like an outsider in her own life.

Toko's writing a book on what happened. Aoi and Yasuhiro provide their own insights on how they feel the killing game went, and Toko strikes through half of their comments as meandering garbage. There isn't a single reason in the world to include the time they all gathered around the dining hall table to listen to Yasuhiro's alien-hamburger story in a narrative of hope and despair.

Yasuhiro says, "But that's what happened. And if you think I'm making it up, I'll show you the proof! I swore I'd never order from that place again, but I will if I have to—"

"Th-That's not the point, you moron!" Toko snaps. "It's just s-stupid and irrelevant, like most of your existence."

"But it really happened," he whines.

"I'm cutting most of your idiocy from the b-book anyway."

"Hey!"

"Can you do that?" Aoi asks. "I mean, I get ignoring him, but can you really just make a decision like that when you're... you know, writing about something that's real?"

"Of course I can," Toko scoffs. "It's m-my story. So I get to decide what's important. Things have to be cohesive and make n-narrative sense, and—"

"Okay, so I called up the place," Yasuhiro says. "And they told me—"

Toko screams at him that she's not including the damn story. If Kyoko were to pick and choose to create the story of her life, everyone would fall by the wayside. She understood how the others felt, but she would never let their feelings touch her. There would be no moments of irrational anger at understandable secrets or pride when someone else delivered a sound deduction. She'd be an unseen hand, solving and accomplishing everything, and there would be no despair when her sacrifices were crushed.

But that's pointless, and Kyoko decides she'll leave the narrativizing to Toko. She's a skilled enough writer that she'll pull some message of hope or determination from the horror they survived. The only thing Kyoko thinks she can take from what happened is that there are no guarantees for the strongest, the smartest, the kindest, or even the luckiest.

Thinking on the arbitrariness of her survival doesn't bring peace or humility. The rational part of her knows it's just more emotional cutting. But it'd be nice to feel something.

Aoi says, "I'm really excited to read it when it's done. I've honestly never been much of a reader, but I'm really gonna try. Um," she bites her lip. "Also I don't really care if you make me look too bad since I know I messed up a lot and stuff, but for Sakura..."

"I-I know, idiot," Toko says. "I'm not going to s-say anything bad about the victims. Last thing I need is their f-families coming after me."

Kyoko thinks, then she says, "Killers, too." She nods to Aoi. "And survivors. Given what happened, it's pretty arrogant to be stingy with your forgiveness."

Toko wilts at the accusation. Aoi smiles. "Yeah... that sounds really good. I think that's what Sakura would want."

Yasuhiro grins and pats Kyoko on the back. "And Makoto, too right?"

Kyoko says, "Don't touch me."

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The fog lingers past winter and into spring. Her grandfather's study feels musty most days, but staying cooped up in it, going over files detailing Junko's crimes is a special kind of penance Kyoko isn't comfortable walking away from yet. There's little point in following up every lead on Junko's misdeeds as the conductor behind all of them is dead, and Kyoko is squandering her talent with each night spent poring over the stacks of files.

Aoi texts her again to reschedule their meeting. They'll all get donuts and pretend to be normal teenagers for an hour or so. Kyoko pretends she doesn't see and goes back to the files.

Junko committed arson and petty theft and was potentially involved with a few defunct cults. But there are no murders outside of the killing game. No one she crushed to death or threatened to crush to death that Kyoko can seek justice for.

Kyoko leans back in her chair. Even saving the imaginary new victim she'd stumble upon somewhere in Junko's file—a small, mousey boy who's too earnest for his own good—doesn't change how she feels. Lying about her feelings and dousing herself in isolation don't lift the fog, either.

There's a fireplace in her grandfather's study, and its light guides her movements once the sun sets. A picture of herself stares up at her from the case file on the killing game. The rational part of her says that detective work has never really been about justice or redemption or any of the things silly children read in silly novels.

She closes her eyes and opens them again when her phone starts to buzz. Aoi says one day, Toko will finish her novel and Byakuya will come back and Yasuhiro will find some semblance of a brain in that head of his and she'll do the best she can for Sakura's sake. It's silly, hopeless optimism based on nothing, and Kyoko can't help but smile when Yasuhiro asks what she'll do in Aoi's fantasy future. Kyoko types, *I'll live*.

The others read it as her usual quiet wit or a crack at Aoi's absent mindedness. But Kyoko's never been as cold or rational as she pretends to be.

All her mug shots and candid photos curl at the edges before turning to ashes in the fire along with the rest of her copy of the killing game case file. She still doesn't feel the fire's warmth as well as she should, but the fog in her head feels a little less thick, and the stuffy room becomes a degree more breathable.

She threw away the person she chased after and the person who chased after her. Dead is dead, and Kyoko stays up far too late that night thinking how she hasn't died yet.

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She's never been fond of fried food. Cleaning her gloves after handling something sticky and covered in icing is always a chore. Kyoko doesn't say a word against it, though, and eats enough of her donut to be polite before setting it aside. Yasuhiro's still in the process of licking his fingers when he nods to her leftovers. "You gonna eat that?"

"Of course she is," Aoi scoffs. "She just put it down for a second, right Kyoko?"

"That's right. I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, not at all," Aoi says. "As long as you share your leftovers with me instead of—"

"Hey!" Yasuhiro interjects, and they descend into casual bickering. Toko mumbles something scatting under her breath that neither of them pick up on. Kyoko wipes her gloved hands on her napkin as best she can. She never fantasized about eating donuts the way Aoi had, and she never thought she would be a chosen friend to participate in that fantasy. But while Kyoko regrets the grease on her hands, she doesn't regret her attendance in the lives of her fellow survivors.

Aoi says, "You know, one day I think I'm going to open a donut shop of my own. I don't really have a head for business stuff, but no one knows donuts better than me."

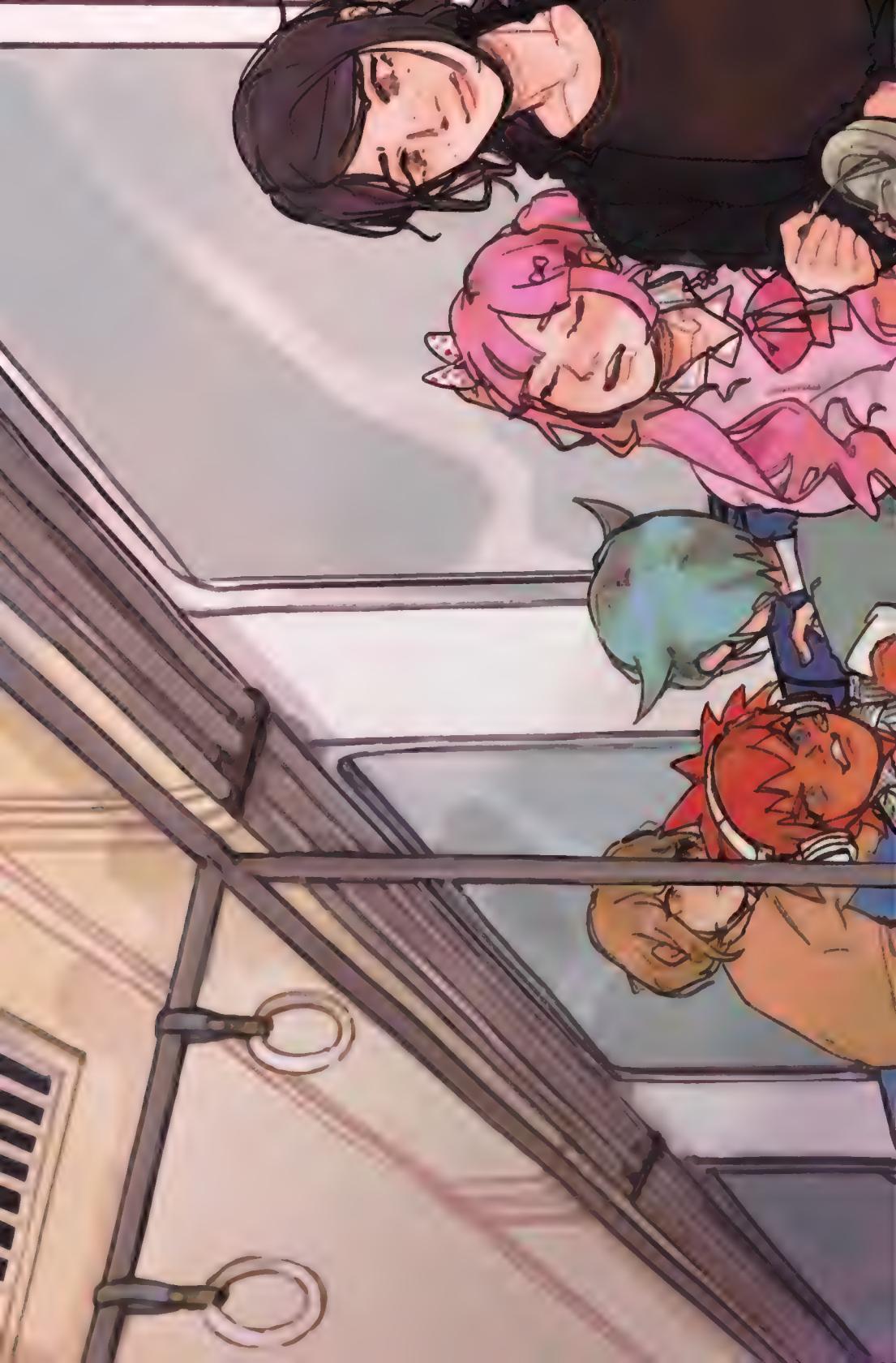
"Well if you need any help with finances, you just let me know," Yasuhiro says. "I know a thing or two about money."

"Losing m-money."

He protests, Toko reiterates they're both in over their heads with plans like that, and Aoi says she wants to look to the future. Kyoko stares out past their little circle. She isn't sure when she'll see through everything she built up in her own head, but navigating the fog and the cold finally seems worthwhile.

In the killing game, Kyoko knew she wanted to survive. In a small donut shop, surrounded by bickering people, she thinks she might want to live.











# Change is Slow

by yosjiego



**SOMETIMES YOU DESTROY THE WORLD** but someone convinces you to pick up the pieces. The world had fallen to ruin, the flames had engulfed it, but someone would always have the nerve to say it's not destroyed yet—that you can fix it still. Worse yet, even if you proved to them that that's just a fool's errand, they'd turn it around and insist that it could be remade.

How irritating.

The world is still grey, the buildings have still been burnt, and the blood has still been stained. Tokyo doesn't look anything like it had a year ago, but the rubble isn't what stirs Junko's heart and makes her feel a scatter of pricks on her skin. She looks outside the window of an old hotel, a place she stays at because this world no longer knows what home is after she's ravaged them all, and she knows there will be a knock on her door soon enough.

*Knock knock. "Enoshima-san? Enoshima-san, it's me. Naegi."*

Bingo. She cast a look at the door first and then the unused ashtray this room came with. She considers for a second quickly burning something to put in it so that Makoto might see it and get upset—concerned or angry, maybe disappointed?

"Enoshima-san, you're there, right?"

The joy that would bloom from seeing such a reaction would only last a second though. Then she would have to deal with the consequence of everyone's favorite meddler chastising her.

She doesn't even smoke.

"Enoshima-san, I'm sorry, but I know you're in there. Kirigiri-san told me as such earlier, so..."

"Quit yappin'!! I heard ya, I heard ya!!" Junko crosses over towards the door, practically ripping it off its hinges with how forcefully she opens it. She looks Makoto dead in the eye, snarl in her teeth and one of her hands smacking the wall next to her so she can lean against it. "Ever heard of some fuckin' patience, huh?! You're not the first in line to meet me so don't even get me started!!"

She sees him widen his eyes in surprise but he adjusts quick enough to it. "So... have *they* contacted you here?"

Junko knows exactly who he means by that. Fifteen faces float in her head, but she quickly banishes them. "No... they left poor me all alone by myself here..." She curls her fingers into her pigtails, combing them as she draws out melancholic tones into her voice, having quickly gotten tired of her previous personality with how soon Makoto worked with it.

In return, she gets a dubious look from him. "You're not alone, Enoshima-san."

"I'm alone because I don't understand any of you... Please don't put me in with the likes of you hope-loving freaks... I may have said I'm disbanding the SHSL Despair but that doesn't change the despair-inducing superwoman I am..."

Makoto sighs. "Refusing to go with us also doesn't change that..."

"Of course... This is the part where a normal Japanese homeowner tells their neighbor they can come in, right...? Come in, Naegi-chan..." Her welcome, though tongue-in-cheek, is accepted by her peer. He takes off his shoes in the entrance and walks into the hotel room with Junko close behind him. "Sorry about the mess..."

The room was spotless.

It looked like Makoto wanted to say something about it, but he changes course. "Thank you," he says instead.

"You know," Junko switches her lilting voice to something more starkly assertive and monotonous. She even whips out a pair of glasses from her pocket. "Your thanks are wasted words. We all say trifling things, small-talk, and for what purpose? It's filler. You clearly have a

point in coming here, whether it be to just be nosy and ask about me or to go drag me off somewhere.”

“I don’t think it’s pointless,” Makoto counters.

“Hm? And on what basis? Last time we checked, my talent is the far more useful one for this kind of work. There’s no need to fight me.”

“You— You still do that, huh?” Makoto furrows his brow. “You say you gave up, but you didn’t really… You still think you’re right just like anybody else.”

“Aren’t you glaaaad about that?” Junko has discarded the glasses, ramping her doe eyes up to eleven alongside the saccharine pitch of her voice. “I’m perky and full of life! Or, ne, did you want me to be as emotive as a floundering and dying fish? I can do that!”

Before Junko can legitimately throw herself onto the ground, Makoto grabs her arm to keep her upright, pulling her a little closer to him. “No, that’s fine, Enoshima-san.”

“Boooo, you’re boring, Naegi-chaaan…”

Ignoring the insult, he lets go of her. “Anyway, as I was saying before, I don’t think there’s anything wrong with thanking you. I know you say you were born with despair, but… that doesn’t mean you have to live in it forever.”

“Words truuuly only said by someone who hasn’t lived my life! Someone who hasn’t tasted the truest, sweetest, deepest drip of despair~!”

“Maybe not, but I can still feel empathy for you, Enoshima-san.”

At that, Junko’s face scrunches up. “Ew. Who asked you for something as revolting as pity? It sure as hell wasn’t me!”

“No, but you didn’t at first ask to be born feeling the way, did you? But you came to—” he carefully thinks, keeping her in suspense, before settling on, “—you came to love despair in a way.”

“Love, huh?” He must remember the way her eyes held a madness that captivated people, beckoned them to move forward and into the same rabbit’hole she had fallen into a year ago— or perhaps even longer before that. Her big smile, her excited laugh, they were the traits of someone infatuated but she had chosen to give all her affection to poison.

She wanted to share that love, and for her, that love meant burning the world down and painting it black and white and red with a metallic taste in your mouth.

Makoto nods. “I guess I want to make you love… hope. Make you feel happier, a little less of whatever is eating at you. ‘Thank you’ is a small thing to say, but a small thing can go a long way.”

This boy was full of greeting card sayings. Junko snorts, but even though it should’ve been seen as derisive, Makoto smiles back at her. It wasn’t a smile like the ones her disciples had given her. It was simple and emanated warmth.

Why?

She looks at him with wide eyes, like that smile could hurt her if he wore it long enough against her.

“Stop that.”

“Stop what?”

“You know… that weird smirk on your face! There’s nothing to be laughing about!” Junko pouts which only serves to make Makoto’s look grow softer as he laughs. “Auuuugh, I hate you. You know, I can report you for discrimination for laughing at me!”

“I’m sorry, Enoshima-san. I was just happy to have a normal conversation with you.”

“Normal?” Junko made a funny face, trying to examine the other’s facial expression for *something* deceptive. “Do you need your head checked?”

“Well, I guess it’s still a pretty far way from being *completely* normal. The day we can talk without mentioning hope or despair sounds like a good thing.”

But how? It was the only thing she could live her life around. It had been like that since day one. Despair. Despair. Despair. Despair. Despair. Despair. Despair. Despair—

“Enoshima-san, do you want to go to the funeral?” Makoto looks out the window now, passing by her and asking without looking her in the face. Junko stares at his back, not quite seeing what he was.

“No.”

“You know, you can give it a shot,” he turns back to her, his voice gentle. “Asahina-san really wants to do this for everyone else.”

There was no way Aoi Asahina of all people asked for Junko Enoshima to attend. She knows the truth of who really wants her to be there to honor their fallen classmates. “You want someone who feels things about people. Is this your way of asking me to pretend like Ryoko Otonashi exists?”

She hadn’t said that name in a long time. Nobody had. But now it was out in the open.

“She really paid attention to people and loved them. She had a bottomless hole for her brain to make up for all the dumb thoughts in her head!” Junko’s speaking because Makoto seemed to refuse to. Until now.

“If Otonashi-san could feel things, can’t you too?”

It’s a genuine question, one of the worst types of phrases a human being can voice out loud. Rhetoricals were less annoying because at least everyone was on the same page. Real questions meant exposition and catching people up to speed, being dragged down by the ignorant.

Why couldn’t people just be able to look in her head and understand? Oh, even when they did, they didn’t really. That was the beauty of ignorance: it was inevitable. Even when someone had all the tools at their arsenal to know someone in and out, they still ended up too dumb to work everything. Yasuke Matsuda was proof of that.

Even she, someone who knew all the ticks of her classmates, still got bested by them. The futility of the human condition was inescapable.

The joy of knowing that has worn off. An infant grows tired of a new toy eventually, and maybe that’s what happened here too. Instead, the knowledge just frustrates her and it’s not even the twisted fun kind of frustration.

So this was truly what defeat felt like.

Junko laughs to feel like it’s still as sweet as it once was. “Hya hya hyaaa! Look at you, pathetically hoping for Ryoko Otonashi! The girl who never existed in the first place!”

“No, I’m not hoping,” Makoto replies. His eyes are stern, and for a moment Junko wonders if he’s gotten bored of his own personality too, but no, this is just the natural human spectrum of emotions. How disappointing.

“That’s all you do,” Junko spits.

“That’s all you think I do. You’ve relegated me to that, but I don’t want to simplify you just into a beacon of despair or anything.”

“...Don’t you hate me? Why don’t you hate me?”

“I can hate you without wanting you dead, Enoshima-san,” he sighs. “But I can also learn to hate you a little less. You stepping away from whatever execution you had prepared was a sign of change, and I want to honor that.”

“Change is slow,” Junko answers, feeling suspicious of him for baring himself instead of keeping up that front of the golden hope boy. “Don’t you hate it? Hate how crawling it is? You could be waiting forever for me. I’ll never turn back into Ryoko Otonashi for as long as you let me keep my memory.”

An idea forms in her head, and she steps forward, pushing Makoto’s back against the window with the way she’s pressing her body against his.

“You can get rid of my memory. You can make me like Ryoko-chan and dumb all over again, if that’s what you want.”

She feels she's cornered him. He trembles under her, and she's one second away from laughing like a hyena when he puts his palm against her shoulder and pushes her back a bit.

"I don't want that!"

"Huh."

"Erasing your memory might help us, but it doesn't help you," Makoto explains, smoothing out his jacket again. "You choosing to live changes you more than forcing you to go back to being someone else does."

"Otonashi-san might be more like the kind of person Asahina-san might get along with naturally, but I think Asahina-san would realize it's not perfect. Otonashi-san would forget her. She would have to go through everything again and again, relying on someone to remind her that we're her friends. She'd make mistakes but not realize it, not be able to fix them and grow. She'd be stuck like that forever. I... wouldn't want to do that to you. I want you to make memories and recall them yourself. I want you to look back at old pictures of yourself and be glad you've made it this far. I want you to *live*, Enoshima-san."

The silence in the hotel room is deafening, but something in the air feels a little lighter for his words having sliced through it.

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"It's Junko Enoshima-chan here to toast to the dead!!" the girl throws up a peace sign.

The six others in attendance to the makeshift funeral look back at the intruder with surprise as she stands in the entryway with a smug grin on her face. Their dumbstruck silence is cut off when Aoi pulls Makoto aside.

"Asahina-san?!"

"You really got her here?! How—?!"

He hadn't, but he didn't get to relay that he had never gotten the confirmation from Junko before she crashes into all of them, slinging them together with a surprising amount of strength— or maybe it was just the shock of the moment that allowed everyone to put up no resistance to the fashionista.

"C'mon, we don't got all day here!" she interrupts, taking out a polaroid camera. "Get all your asses into the shot! I've already gotta fit in all the ghosts in here, much less Hagakure's crazy hair."

"Hey, it's not THAT crazy!"

Still, they all got together, huddling for an awkward group shot with Junko as the selfie camera-man.

"You want to be in the picture too, Enoshima-san?" Makoto asks, a bit surprised.

She looks back at him, a more easy look on her face. "Gotta take a picture so I can look at myself later, yeah?"

The flash goes off without a warning, the trademark to Junko's spontaneity. Her whims dictate her wherever she goes, and right now it tells her to make something to gaze at later. It tells her to be here dressed up in black from head to toe. Most of all, it tells her to create something that she won't want or expect to be destroyed.





# What A Life's Worth

by mocha



“Be quiet,” Asahina says, and Hagakure finds his lips pulling into a pout.

“Hey, you could be nicer about—”

“Seriously, shut *up*,” she says, and as Hagakure opens his mouth to squawk at her again, he feels Naegi slapping his hands over it. He’s about to protest with an *et tu, Naegichi?* before he sees Asahina leap around the corner to lop the head off of a stray Monokuma that he hadn’t noticed.

Kirigiri says, “Nice job,” and Asahina scratches her chin with fake sheepishness.

“I-it wasn’t *that* impressive,” mutters Fukawa, and Naegi pats Fukawa on the back as he thanks Asahina for protecting them.

Togami and Kirigiri are really smart, Asahina’s strong, Fukawa has an alter even stronger than that, and Naegi’s the stupidly optimistic glue that keeps them all together. In this apocalypse team, Hagakure figures, he’s probably the joke character that dies first. That is, if he fits into it at all.

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He sees his face through the broken glass of a convenience store they pass by. Tabloids with the most recent issue dating more than a year back depict various photographs of him and his classmates, the title reading “HOPE’S PEAK’S LATEST GRADUATING CLASS: WHERE ARE THEY GOING?” on every one of them. Asahina notices them too and reaches through a gap to grab a copy.

“Pass it to me, will ya?” he says a few hours later when they make camp for the night, and Asahina tosses it dangerously close to their fire’s licking flames. It survives unscathed enough for him to read his own interview, which goes something along the lines of the fact that he’s not really sure himself, honest, but he’s sure things’ll work themselves out! A little lower down, the caption to a photo he doesn’t remember taking tells him he was planning at living at one of Togami’s villas once things allegedly “worked themselves out.”

“F-figures,” says Fukawa from over his shoulder, and he only screams a little bit. Everyone shushes him quickly enough. “I-I mean, it’s not s-surprising, right? With the sort of p-person he is—“

“Fukawa-san,” says Naegi kindly, tensely. She bites her nail.

Everyone goes on to flip through the magazine and talk about the plans other versions of themselves made. Asahina says, “Celeste-chan was pretty close to getting that castle she wanted, huh...”

Eventually, they tire and extinguish their metal barrel fire. Hagakure lays on his side and watches the shadows of patrolling Monokumas dance across the wall and he thinks, what the hell am I alive for?

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Even before he was stuck in a killing game and screwed up tightly like some sort of constipated pickle jar, Hagakure might’ve killed someone who deserved to live more than him, he thinks.

Summers were always spent with a mantra of *I don’t know, I don’t care, and that’s fine*. Hagakure had spent those sticky and thoughtless days with friends that could very well be dead and gone now, friends that he had both scammed and been scammed by and scammed together with. After he had gotten in trouble with the mafia and before he had gotten the protection of being a Super High-School Level, they had laid low together, much to his mother’s disapproval.

“Hey hey,” one of them had said on a swing set, watching a pre-demolished city live their days by them, “we could rob someone, you know.”

“E-eh?!” He figured, for his own morality’s sake, he should at least act the part of someone opposed to the idea. “That’s illegal!”

“So is a service like yours,” they said, eyes rolling, “probably.”

“It’s real legit, you know! It’s a thirty-percent chance of comin’ real, a tried and true method—”

“Yeah, whatever,” they said, already discussing plans, and it had been embarrassing enough to tip him over the edge.

“The honor is yours,” they said hours later with the same mockery every barely-legal boy says, and Hagakure swings a metal tipped bat.

*Bam!* Before he even knew it, there’s someone on the ground in a starry sky of broken glass as some antique shop’s alarm blared louder than his own thoughts. Through a ski mask, someone mouthed directions at him to step in further.

“Hurry up!” said someone behind him. Hagakure stepped over the fallen figure and grabbed a few random items from behind the counter.

...that’s the story, probably, of how Hagakure obtained the crystal ball owned by both Napoleon Bonaparte and George Washington.

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For the second time, his life is saved. This time, he resents it.

Everyone’s clamoring around with “good job,” and “nice one,” and “you should be more careful, Hagakure-kun,” and he can’t take it anymore. He presses his hand against the nearest brick wall and hurls. They all quiet down when he does that, and that honestly just makes him feel worse.

His head is swirling and someone begins to massage his back. “Hey.” It turns out to be Naegi. “Are you okay...?”

“I don’t understand why you keep me around at all,” says Hagakure when the bile settles down. “All I did was survive a killing game via dumb luck—and that luck honestly should be running dry by now, yeah? I’m not smart or strong or even good at keeping morale up. I’m more of a deadweight that holds everyone else back than anything else, if we’re being honest. Man,” he looks at the brick wall, “it’d really rather be better if I just wasn’t alive—”

Naegi cuts him off by slapping Hagakure’s cheeks so hard they sting before pulling his face towards him. “Don’t ever, ever, *ever* say that about yourself!” he practically screams.

“O-oi, Naegichi—”

“It’s hard to see the good in yourself, especially when you’re going through tough times, but don’t ever, ever devalue yourself like that, especially to the point where...” Naegi shakes his head and squeezes Hagakure’s cheeks together harder. “You’re worth stuff, you know?”

“Everyone who died in there was worth stuff too,” says Hagakure.

Naegi’s inhales sharply and then his lips purse. “You deserve to be alive, Hagakure-kun,” he says firmly, scarily.

The sentence is choked out of him without his even fully realizing it. “I just want to get to the point where my life is one that was worth being saved from that killing game. Y’know, ‘cause why—” he coughs, “why am I alive instead of anyone else?”

Naegi looks at him with such genuine befuddlement that it throws Hagakure off. “Who in the world ever said your life isn’t worth it as is?”

# Super Danganronpa 2

*Goodbye Despair*



# *to be human*

by wrenkos



i.

The Tragedy may be classified as 'over' to the Future Foundation and to the rest of the world. Junko Enoshima, defeated, the riots having ceased and all Remnants captured and cured from the depths of despair or on the road to recovery.

To Hajime, the Tragedy is still very much real and alive within him and around him.

There is still work to be done. People to help, buildings to build, relief programs to set up. Once an ordinary citizen, he now has to help with the talent he wanted oh-so-badly. Enough talent to make him blind to the fine print, enough talent for him to agree to rewrite his existence entirely. Enough talent he now had to live with, when despair herself dyed the world pink and the hands that didn't belong entirely to him did nothing to stop her.

*Your numbers are incorrect. Second column, row 3. A typo. 4 instead of 3.*

He looks at the spreadsheet he's doing. Evidently, the lack of sleep from the past couple of days was finally catching up at him. He manages to mumble a 'thanks' and edit it quickly enough. But still - it's awkward.

Living as one with Izuru Kamukura proves to be... *difficult* at times. To say the least.

The Ultimate 'Hope' chooses to be an observer, the dull thoughts at the back of Hajime's mind that send chills down his spine when he speaks. A being that seems to do nothing but say cryptic comments every now and then, and these comments are critiques more often than not. It, quite frankly, makes him a bit nervous. Irritating at times, even.

Yes - his talents are useful. They helped him bring back his friends from the program, after all, and are helping him to help those still being affected by the deep scars of despair. But outside of that, regardless of how many times they've worked together and how much Izuru has helped him out... as silly as it sounds, he just feels as if he doesn't *know* him. Despite them quite literally sharing the same body.

He sighs, shutting his eyes and leaning back in his office chair. Izuru can probably sense his feelings, but they're both too tired to talk about that, anyways. It's a sort of silent agreement.

ii.

The world is boring, he thinks.

*So... very... boring:*

Thoughts of such boredom come and go but never quite pass, Izuru thinks, watching the world through two different eyes. Hajime Hinata, the person he is forced to live with, is someone who he found interesting at first. But now he is like all the others, and the others that come with him - dull. Not empty, he'll give him that much, but dull. Uninteresting.

Eventually, everyone becomes predictable, like the rest of this ever-moving world, but there's nothing he can do to stop that. Hajime Hinata is predictable. Izuru Kamukura is predictable. Being bored is predictable, but being bored with everything is a fact that he had accepted long ago.

It is because everything is predictable that Hajime Hinata wants the best for others, even if he doesn't gain anything in return. He is not naive, is not blindly believing in hope like Makoto Naegi, but believes in change.

Hajime works for the Future Foundation, an organization infiltrated so easily by despair. Relief projects, he reads, of people still being affected by that woman's dead hands. (Hand, now, he thinks. If he were more lifelike, he may have laughed at such a joke. Ha ha. Har har. —However that goes, he cannot be bothered to care anymore and the subject doesn't interest him in the slightest.)

Judging by the way Hajime leans back and sighs, Izuru figures something is wrong. It doesn't take him long to figure out.

*You crave companionship*, he says, bluntly. Izuru Kamukura is not a 'friendly' person. And he has no interest in being one. If this is what Hajime craves, he should go to someone else.

Hajime stills, before straightening his (their, technically) back and adjusting his tie. A nervous habit that Izuru has picked up on. "...Yeah...I'm only human, after all."

*Human*. Izuru repeats.

...Human.

The word should mean nothing to him. Human, noun. Definition, a human being. The definition is quite simple, quite to the point and direct in its meaning. And yet, and yet, there's an underlying definition to it that humans have put on it. Being human means to do this. Being human means to do that.

...He does not think being human means to be made artificially.

So he speaks.

*Are you?*

"...What?"

*Human*, he repeats. *You said human a few moments ago. Your memory is not bad enough to have forgotten by now.*

Hajime frowns, "Are we human, you mean?"

A pause. Then, *Are we?*

Another pause. Izuru can tell that he's taking time to process these words as well.

"Well," he finally says after a silence that Kamukura deems just moments too long of a wait, "If we're not human, then what are we?"

*Creations of man. The results of a grand experiment. You have heard that others have referred to us as 'freak' and 'monster' before. We are the fruits of labor from scientists, the teachers that raised me. I take no offense to these comments, they have some truth to them. But if I were a regular person, these comments would not happen. If I were a regular person these comments would hurt. I would take offense. I would -feel something, other than acknowledgement. Yes?*

Hajime taps his hands against the table. One-two. When he is nervous, he goes to ten, followed by a period of silence and then another ten. When he is bored, it stops at six sessions of three and four. If the nervousness is enough to be a problem, his leg joins in for a shake at a pace that makes him annoyed. But Hajime is rarely bored, rarely nervous enough, nowadays, his hands always doing something, using their talents for something that is of the greater good.

Hope wins in the end, it seems. And yet, here he is, despairing over what defines him.

Ironic.

"Well," Hajime cuts Izuru's thoughts short. "Is there anything wrong in being who you are?"

*Plenty. Your society frowns upon those who--*

"Not society. Do you think there's anything wrong in what we are, Izuru?"

Silence.

He hasn't given that point of view much thought, Izuru realizes. This is surprising. Usually Hajime is predictable, boring, never catching him off guard.

*Interesting.*

i.

Hajime sits, waiting for a response other than 'interesting'. Admittedly, it's a lot more than the 'you bore me' or 'that doesn't matter' when they first began to work things out. But after a long period of silence, it's evident that Izuru won't be responding.

...Interesting indeed.

He doesn't really know what brought this on. He supposes that even the Ultimate Ultimate has problems to deal with.

ii.

Time passes. It's enough for Hajime to have ruled the comment off as musing and move on, it's enough for several more meetings with the Future Foundation. Surely, it's enough time to have come up with a response to such words?

...And yet, Izuru has not come up with a precise answer to his question.

Technically speaking, there is nothing that he deems 'wrong' about himself. He was not meant for 'wrong'. Izuru Kamukura was meant to be perfect, in all sense of the world, with all the talents known to man and all the abilities to go along with them.

*Humans*, he thinks, looking down at the papers that Hajime holds in his hands. It's about the orphanages in Towa City, after the events with the Monokuma Children, Komaru Naegi, and Touko Fukawa.

...

*Humans.*

"...Izuru?"

*Yes?*

"...You alright? You've thought that for the past couple of weeks now."

A pause. Then, the smallest, almost unheard laugh. It could pass off as a cough if he wanted, but he does not simply cough. He does not get sick, anyways.

*Humans are so very flawed.*

i.

Izuru Kamukura just laughed - well, a chuckle, technically speaking - but it's the most emotion that Hajime thinks that he's heard in the past months. The most emotion since coming out of the simulation, even.

"...Uh," he's honestly not even sure where to begin. Is this about the latest project? Perhaps something they heard in the hall? Or is it just general observation over their work?

...More importantly... "Did you - Did you just laugh?"

*Heh.*

Oh. He really just did. If he didn't know better, he'd think he was imagining the event.

*Rest assured. This is not negative. That is what makes them human - to be flawed. To be flawless... is not human.*

He blinks, leaning back in his chair. Then lets out a snort. Of course vaguely insulting all of humanity is what this guy's humor was like.

"Yeah," he says, picking up a pen and twirling it around, "So you get that we're human, despite everything, right?"

...Yes. *We, too, have our flaws.*

"And that is?"

A pause.

*We do not know each other as well as we would like to. My analysis of individuals is from first impressions. I lack intense emotions.*

You're also dense, Hajime wants to say. "...We still got a lot to work on, Kamukura."

*Agreed.*

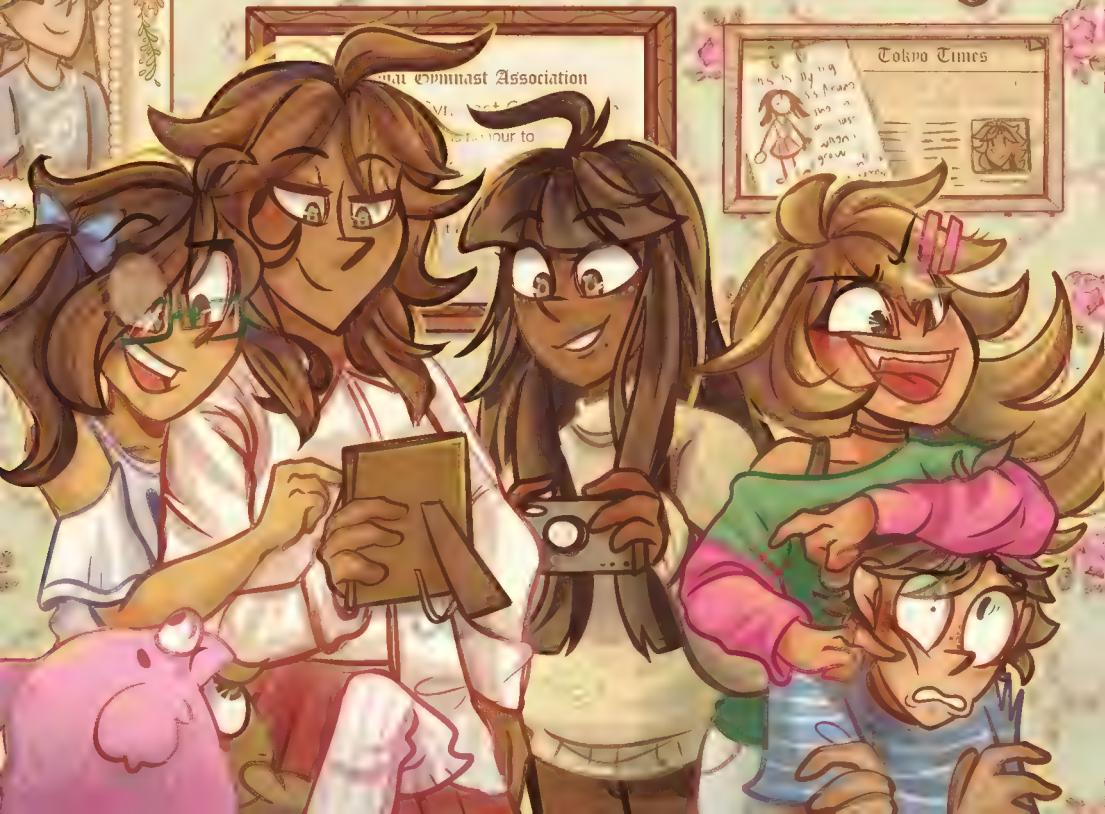
ii.

The world is boring. Always has been, always will be, people living their daily, repetitive lives with the same variance as snowflakes falling. It's dull, Izuru thinks, watching the world go by. And this boring world will likely never change. Humans rarely ever do.

But maybe it's just a bit brighter than when it was when he was born into this world.

Only slightly so.







# reassemble

by glitch



The question's picked away at Kazuichi's mind time and again, the smallest curiosity that rattles like a loose bolt. There's dozens of obvious reasons he suspects, reasons he's used like a wrench to keep the question at bay until the bolt's edges are stripped, and it slips from his mouth.

"Hey, why don't you ever impersonate me?"

Dozens of obvious reasons, and the answer he gets is none of them.

"Because you're like me."

"Huh?!"

"You don't know who you are." Togami- for today, anyway- doesn't so much as spare him a glance, let alone an explanation that makes any sense. "You're wearing a mask, too."

—

Disassemble, reassemble. See how it goes.

The engine's a real beauty - sleek and slim, but oh, how it roars. It reminds Kazuichi of his buddy Fuyuhiko, supreme power in a deceptively small frame. With this, his bike can reach 630 mph, no doubt about it.

It's spotless, too. Not a dent or spot of grease marring his reflection.

Only pink eyes staring back at him.

"Because you're like me."

He swipes his thumb over the steel, a slick of grease to hide the thought.

"What the hell are they talking about, anyway," he huffs, wrench back in hand to take it apart again. Disassemble. "Wearing a mask', my ass."

He likes how he looks. In a way. He picked it, after all - cool hair, cool eyes, cooler attire. Sure, maybe it wasn't *him*, but so what? A look doesn't define a person, just how others see them.

Like when he started dressing this way, and it pushed his former so-called friends away. Pushed away anyone that could have betrayed him. But he doesn't need that anymore. He has friends he trusts - including Togami, or whatever mask they wanna wear.

Even if they don't know themselves, Kazuichi knows who the Imposter is. They're kind and caring, even if they don't act like it. Quick to tell the blunt truth but quicker to aid a friend.

Kazuichi, on the other hand. Kazuichi is...

Maybe he's not *completely* sure of who he is. But who is, anyway?

Maybe... Maybe it can't hurt to think it over a little. To think over the parts that make him *him*. Like a machine - disassemble the parts, check 'em out, reassemble. That's what he does, after all.

—

The old, family shop is nothing but rubble. He's not surprised, and not because nearly everything is rubble nowadays.

It was his dad's shop, after all. He never did build things to last - only to suit his needs.

He crouches over a pile of gravel and dented parts, digging through the pieces for anything worth scavenging. Just like he did with his father's teachings - clinging to the broken lessons, clutching them so tightly it cuts into him, because he's scared of what happens if he lets them go.

It was better to get cut on broken parts than have his father find out he "wasted" them. Better to slice his hands on metal than deal with his father's wrath.

"What should I care," he mutters as he sifts through the pile of soot and steel. "The bastard's not here anymore. I can do whatever the hell I want."

Except the old man taught him just about everything.

He taught him how to use a wrench, and how to build a bike from scraps. He taught him how to be a man, that he had to be tough and to 'stop crying all the damn time'. He taught him that it was all about blondes, that he had to love hot, curvy women with long locks and glossy lips.

His entire framework was thanks to the old man.

"The bastard's not here anymore," he repeats, hardly a whisper. "I can be whoever the hell I want."

He takes frames apart all the time. No big deal.

Disassemble. Yeah. Yeah, he could do that. No problem.

—

It's a problem.

He's held together like a machine, one piece of himself leading to another - a nut leads to a bolt leads to a gear, a quirk leads to an insecurity leads to a memory better left buried. But it's all rusted together, remnants of despair clinging to his core, everything dented and warped by a man who's long gone. A man that shoddily built him, and Junko was the happy customer.

Why is he crazy about Miss Sonia? Cause his dad told him real men like blondes. Why is he a crybaby? Because he never could help it, and the old man's not around to "give him a reason to cry" anymore. Why is he a scaredy-cat? Because his dad, his dad, his dad, memories of a hand that never missed its mark, a hand that hammered in the instinct to flinch, to cower, to hide.

He wants to take it all out. Throw it all away, replace everything with parts so squeaky clean he could see himself in them. Maybe then, he could stomach his reflection.

But his dad taught him not to throw things away, and that's the only lesson from the old bastard that he plans to take to heart - to salvage himself, no matter how much his dad and Junko warped him. Disassemble the parts, check 'em out, see how he can make them ten times- no, a hundred times better. That's what he does, after all, and no amount of rust or dents has ever stopped him before.

—

He starts with his dad's favorite word: "manly". What does it mean to be "manly"? What makes him a man?

He thinks, and he thinks, for days and weeks.

He asks his friends, but they all have different answers, and none of them make sense. Even the Imposter, who's copied men and women alike, offers nothing more than a scoff and a vague response about societal expectations.

So Kazuichi decides there's no right- or wrong- way to be a man. And he doesn't stop there; he tries different pronouns and different names, like testing them like he tests an engine in his bike. He still feels like a *him* after it all, still feels like a "Kazuichi", but now with more certainty.

The deeper he dives down the rabbit hole of self-discovery, the more he realizes he knows nothing about himself.

Like his love for Miss Sonia. Lovely, lovely Miss Sonia. Besides her perfect hair, her perfect curves, her perfect everything that his father told him to like - What does he like about her?

What does he *know* about her?

He thinks, and he thinks, for days and weeks.

And finds the lack of answers make an answer of their own.

—

He knows plenty about Hajime, though.

Fuyuhiko, too. And Nekomaru, and even that bastard Gundham Tanaka. He thinks about them plenty.

He thinks about them for days and weeks.

He finds an answer he was avoiding before, a part of him he buried deep in the rust. But now, it doesn't seem so bad. Yeah, liking guys doesn't seem so bad at all.

—

Reassemble, see how it goes...

He takes the parts of him - the parts he's fixed, the parts he dug up, and the parts he found along the way - and he builds the man he wants to be. The man he truly is.

A man that's not afraid to cry, a man that doesn't think less of himself for being easily frightened, a man that doesn't hold back.

A man that knows he's a man not because he was told he was, but because it's what feels right. A man that likes men and won't deny himself for it anymore.

—

"Why dontcha try impersonating me?"

This time, Kazuichi asks as a joke. He knows the reason - one that has nothing to do with him.

"Because I don't do that anymore." A leader when their friends need one, a master swordsman when times are desperate, an artist in their spare time - the Imposter wields their Ultimate title because of all the skills they've imitated over the years, but it stops there. Grey eyes, a suit of their own liking, a personality that only they posses - they're their own person.

His hair isn't so unique, though. Black hair to his shoulders, natural and silky. Just like Kazuichi's.

"But if I did still mimic others," the Imposter continues, with a warm smile reserved for the closest of friends in the rarest of times, "I wouldn't mind copying you."

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding." Kazuichi smiles back, throwing in a wink and a thumbs up. "We got no more need for masks anymore - neither one of us!"





well  
on ! We  
ve you.

Take  
care &  
yourself.



The day Peko Pekoyama awakes from her coma, she cries harder than she has since she was a child and feels the shame of failure cut deep into her core. The failure to die her honorable death, failure to keep her emotions under control, the unforgivable failure of her blade slicing through the skin of her Young Master's face, each one leaves her drowning in the wish that she had just stayed dead. When she finally gains control of herself, steadies the full body sobs that are intense enough to be painful on her atrophied muscles, she vows not to submit to weakness like this again.

The reunion with Fuyuhiko doesn't go much better. He had been expecting something else, something more emotional, maybe, not this dead-eyed shell of a girl tool person? too weak to move in a hospital bed. As usual, she cannot react the way he wants, cannot be what he wants, and he leaves upset. Pekoyama is alone to broil in another miserable failure. The days pass, and pass, and she watches in stillness. She feels closer to a piece of furniture than the people that come to check on her.

When Naegi first proposes the garden to her, Pekoyama is skeptical. What could a few vegetable patches do for a bunch of barely-reformed ex-terrorists? He's earnest, though and when one is handed a second chance they absolutely do not deserve, one must be grateful. No matter how little she cares about a garden, she can hear the edge of desperation in Naegi's voice when he asks. She isn't foolish enough to let him down when she owes him so much. Besides, the fluorescent hospital lighting is beginning to burn her eyes and she needs someone to escort her every time she so much as leaves the room. This offers a chance to see the sun without her movements into someone else's burden.

She says yes.

It's really not much. A few empty wooden beds, huge bags of soil, flimsy plastic gardening tools. (As if that could stop her. As if she can't be lethal with just about anything you put in her hands.) He introduces to the other two he's roped into this. Kirigiri. Ikusaba. They both wear neutral expressions and Future Foundation-issue suits. She doesn't remember meeting either of them, but she must have some sort of history with the dark-haired one because when Pekoyama looks at her, her stomach twists into a tight knot. Naegi leaves the three of them to their work. It's awkward at first, but Kirigiri switches to business mode and directs the other two. They build beds, haul earth from one side of the roof to another. Ikusaba can effortlessly haul twice what Pekoyama struggles to manage, but she tries not to feel too useless and press on. The burn in her muscles is too good to give up.

Her gaze is drawn to Ikusaba while they work. Something connects them, hidden in her stolen memories. Ikusaba can't meet her eyes.

It's a very long day. By the time she's back in bed, Pekoyama's body is sore and heat exhausted, skin pink and tender with a fresh sunburn. It feels good, though. Good to move, good to sweat. Whether or not the stuff inside her head is fixable, Pekoyama can force movement back into her creaking bones.

At some point, at least a week into their gardening, she finally asks Ikusaba why she feels so angry every time she looks at her. Ikusaba stares intently at the dirt in her hands for a long while before answering.

"I was one of you once. But I betrayed my sister after she tried to kill me. I should have seen it coming, but I didn't. Now I'm the reason we're all stuck here." She says it so matter-of-fact it may as well be a grocery list. There's something happening behind her eyes, but Pekoyama feels it would be rude, invasive even, to try and decipher what. She looks away.

"Your sister?" She asks.

Ikusaba looks at Pekoyama for the first time, really looks, with an expression somewhere between wonder and sadness. "You really don't remember me..." She pauses.

Pekoyama can only shake her head. She sighs and looks back at the dirt. "Junko. I'm Junko's twin sister."

There it is. It's not so much a memory as a disembodied feeling, the same one she's been feeling every time she looks at Ikusaba, but now she can identify the anger more precisely as betrayal. She returns to tilling the earth without a comment, but as she works, she thinks of Ikusaba finding it in her to betray her sister. She thinks of the magnetic force she understands Enoshima to be, even without memories. She thinks of the kind of loyalty that got her run through with swords until her dead body hung limp over Fuyuhiko's vulnerable form.

Every once in a while, she steals a glance at Ikusaba, who is still alive.

Pekoyama's memories slowly return and with it, her anger at Ikusaba fades. It was never hers, really, just a residual from a life Pekoyama no longer feels so attached to. By the time she remembers the gut-wrenching betrayal of it, of Ikusaba carrying Naegi through the halls of Hope's Peak, destroying bears and tearing down *everything they'd all been working for*, she also remembers the path of Enoshima's spears. She hadn't understood back then. To die at your master's wishes was the greatest form of service. Having done it once? It didn't quite live up to the glamor.

She tells her eventually, clears her throat awkwardly and says, "I'm not angry. For what you did."

Mukuro looks surprised. "Why not?"

She pulls a few weeds before answering. "...I needed her to save me from myself, I think," she says carefully. "I had to stop being a tool before I could be a person. I don't know if I'm a person yet. But I don't think I should want to be what Enoshima made me forever. So it's... okay. I don't mind."

None of the three are very talkative, so Pekoyama spends most of her time in silence, thinking about prison islands, about Despair, about bodies and personhood and all the things she can't put words to when it's her turn in group therapy. She's always found clarity in work. The walls of the hospital are uncomfortably tight. Out here in the air, the ache of her muscles shows her how she fits in her body.

One day, she asks for a wide brim hat and lightweight, long-sleeved clothes. It's getting truly masochistic, exposing her pale skin to the sun like this. When that request is granted, she experiments with more frivolous desires. She writes her name on the stake in front of one of the tomato plants and claims it for her own. It's a purely symbolic gesture (it doesn't really change the amount of work she puts in each day), but the sense of pride that comes with nurturing something that is *hers* makes her feel less silly for doing it. She asks to stay on the roof to watch the sunset over the water and plants sunflowers alongside vegetables. Some things exist just to be beautiful. She borrows one of Hinata's chest binders and asks to be called 'they'. Shedding the frustrating expectation of womanhood makes their body fit more comfortably. Fuyuhiko doesn't understand, but he trips over himself to get it right anyway.

"I don't have to get it," he said to them. "Just be yourself. Whoever that is, I'm fucking here for it."

And for once in their life, they actually... believe him. If they come as they are, it might actually be enough.

It takes a few tries to get their tomatoes to produce. At first they overwater, or water incorrectly, or something. Either way, the plant withers under the hot island sun. They switch from daily sprinkling to a deep soak once a week and the plant seems happier. Too happy, even. The plant outgrows its cage, but its stalks are thin and they find no fruit among the lush leaves. Pekoyama is dumbfounded and spends days alternating between fussing with it and thumbing through the thin selection of gardening manuals available to them. It's Kirigiri that finally figures it out. The chemistry of the soil is off somehow. They need to add softwood mulch to leech nitrogen. Then it'll flower.

Once that's solved, Kirigiri has to prune the plant for them. Things have gotten a bit too out of hand to snap pieces off by hand and she's the only one of the trio allowed to touch a live blade. It's annoying regulation for everyone, but Pekoyama doesn't complain. Instead, they just dutifully collect the clippings that fall from the stem. They'll toss them in the compost bin once she's

finished. Let them rot so it can nourish the now-unencumbered plant in its new growth.

When Kirigiri finishes trimming, Pekoyama thanks her.

“For the record, I don’t believe you would actually hurt anyone if I gave you the shears,” she says. “Rules, though.”

They understand.

When the plant finally bears fruit, it’s an exciting day for everyone. Most of the bounty will be sent to Hanamura in the kitchen for daily meal prep, but Pekoyama gets to take home the first one. They set it on their nightstand. They don’t know much about cooking, or... food in general, really. They’ve spent most of their life eating what’s put in front of them without complaint. They can’t just bite into it like an apple, though. That would be undignified, both for themselves and the tomato. No, their painstakingly grown tomato deserves better. They’ll find a use for it in the morning.

...or maybe the next.

Or later?

Weeks later, their indecision has become a terminal affliction for the poor tomato. Once plump and red, it has become discolored and wrinkly with a small spot of mold growing near the stem. They poke it experimentally and their finger sinks into it, leaving behind a finger-shaped dimple. Irrational guilt fills them. No doubt they’ve eaten plenty of their own tomatoes, the ones sent off to the kitchen. It shouldn’t matter that one has gone bad. But.. it does. This one was supposed to be special. Their first tomato, something all their own, and their stupid indecision has rendered it worthless.

Their own purpose may be null, but this thing still has a chance. Before they can talk themselves out of it, they sink their thumbs into the slimy innards and pull it into two pieces. Each piece takes two bites to swallow and none of them are pleasant. They barely bother to chew it lest they have to taste the rancid sourness of it. It feels like pulpy jello sliding down their throat. They choke back a retch that originates from a shuddering nausea deep within them, but it never fully goes away. Within the hour the nausea has settled in the back of their skull as a piercing headache. It’s the precursor to what becomes an utterly miserable night trapped in the bathroom with their head in a toilet bowl.

*Is this better? Is this more dignified? How does the tomato feel about this?*

The mocking voice plays through their head as they retch. Someone must have heard them through the wall because at some point in the night, Tsumiki slips in to check on them. She’s worried, of course. Neither a communicable bug nor food poisoning on an enclosed island where everyone eats the same food is good news. They have to tell her. Looking someone in the eye and explaining that no, nothing is wrong, they just projected their feelings of inadequacy on a rotten vegetable might be the worst part of this night. Mercifully, she doesn’t question them, just puts them on IV fluids and excuses them from their chores in the morning.

Surprisingly, it’s Kirigiri that comes to check on them when they’re back in bed the next day. They’re sore from the inside out and their head pounds with a dehydration headache, but the worst is over. She sits.

“I’m writing an incident report,” she says. “Tsumiki says you intentionally ate spoiled food which caused your illness. I’m reporting it as self-harming behavior.”

They stare at her. A fair enough assessment, but what are they supposed to say?

She sighs. “My coworkers think this is unnecessary, but... personal sacrifice is important to you, Pekoyama. You need to suffer for the things that you love. I know how much you care about your work in the garden. I also know you’re never going to engage in the kind of self-mutilation behaviors everyone watching for. If you didn’t do it *then*, you aren’t going to do it here.”

She looks at them with uncharacteristic tenderness, the kind that only comes from mutual understanding. "A tomato doesn't care if you don't eat it, but... if you can't bring yourself to throw it away, there's always the compost pile. I know it isn't the end you imagined for it, but there's nothing wrong with finding a new one."

The report will be filed away with their therapist. They'll be watched a bit more closely, of course. They'll be reminded, over and over, that recovery is a spiral and not a straight line, that mistakes are normal. What they won't do, Kirigiri makes sure of, is take away their beloved garden. The question of who they are, really, under all the layers of abuse and kendo techniques, is still a daunting one to answer. They think, though, that maybe the answers lie somewhere in the earth to sprout with next season's harvest.

Until then, there's always work to be done.







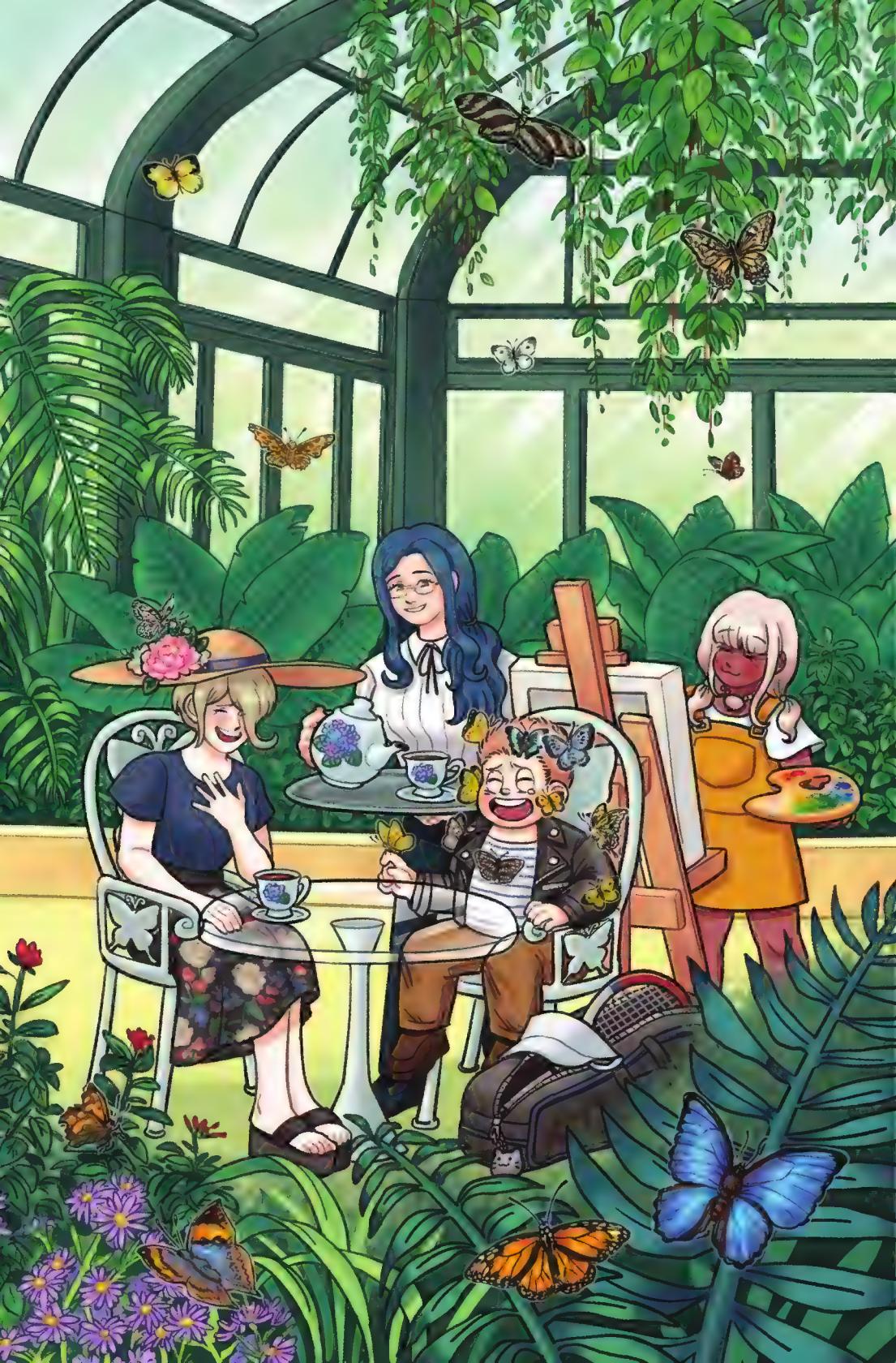




# New Dangannonpa V3

Killing Harmony









# Bad Habits Die Hard



by corgasbord

It's two in the morning, and the other side of Shuuichi's bed is empty again.

This doesn't alarm or even surprise him at this point, not any more than the fact that he's awoken at this hour at all does. His sleep schedule is just one more thing he'll have to remember to bring up with his therapist. The cooling space opposite him on the mattress is another, more complicated matter.

He could roll over and wait to slip back into unconsciousness. He could also stare at the ceiling until gray light trickles through the gap in the curtains, which he's done before.

Ultimately, he does neither. Hardly thinking, he pulls himself free of his covers and slides out of bed. It's only when he's halfway out the door that he realizes that there's purpose in his step. He knows, all at once, that he must go up.

He lives near the top floor of his apartment complex, but he still takes the elevator as far as he can because he can't be bothered with stairs. He only takes those up to the roof. There's a feeling in his gut, after all, that what he's missing is up here. He doesn't know why, nor does he have the presence of mind to question it. He pulls open the door at the final landing and finds that as is usually the case when it comes to his intuition, he's right.

Kaito stands, a mere silhouette against the dim lights from the surrounding buildings and the even dimmer light from the crescent moon. He casts his eyes over his shoulder, and his posture slackens. "Shuuichi? What're you doing up, man?"

"Couldn't sleep," Shuuichi says. He doesn't think that requires further elaboration. Kaito knows firsthand that sleep has become something neither of them look forward to. With a wry smile, he adds, "I take it you were having the same problem."

Kaito's hand cups the back of his neck, sheepish. Shuuichi notices, then, the wisps of smoke that curl up from his lips, from the still-lit cigarette perched between his fingers. "Ah, yeah, well. You know me. Sometimes I just can't sit still." Kaito laughs a little, but it sounds like he's trying too hard to make the sound come out. Trying too hard, just like he always does.

Shuuichi walks over to join Kaito in front of the roof's concrete ledge. "You know," he says, words measured, "it seems like that's been happening pretty often, lately."

"Me not being able to sit still?" Kaito shakes his head. "What're you talking about, I've always been like this."

Shuuichi shakes his head. "Not that. I meant the part about it always being in the middle of the night. You just... don't seem to get much sleep these days."

"Hey, I take naps, at least. I just can't help being a night owl, y'know?" Kaito only offers Shuuichi the smallest of glances. When Shuuichi's stare doesn't waver, his expression falters, mouth and brows tightening. "It's not something you need to worry about. Sides, it's not like you get a lot of sleep, either."

Shuuichi grimaces. "I'm... working on that."

"Yeah, exactly. We're all," Kaito waves his hand in front of him in a sweeping gesture, "working on our own shit. It's the effort that counts."

He takes another drag of his cigarette, a long one that brings the smoke back out of him in little coughs. Shuuichi watches, lips pursed with concern. It's nothing like one of the bloody hacking fits from a year ago, but he can't help but remember them each time Kaito doesn't breathe the smoke in quite right.

Kaito clears his throat a couple of times and cocks an eyebrow in Shuuichi's direction. "You want a hit?"

"No, thanks," Shuuichi says. He's tried cigarettes, thought that they might relieve the way his hands shake and his heart beats too fast sometimes, but the only thing they've ever given him is a burn in his lungs. He decides not to bring up that he'd prefer if Kaito stopped smoking them altogether. If nothing else, he's grateful for the courtesy Kaito shows in not doing it around him. "Is this what you've been doing almost every night?"

Kaito shrugs. "Pretty much. I mean, I don't always bring a smoke with me, but it chills me out more."

"I see." It makes sense, Shuuichi supposes. It also makes him wonder what about tonight made Kaito need to calm down. "Well, um. You do know that if anything is ever bothering you, you can talk to me about it, right?"

"Huh?" Kaito gives Shuuichi a blank look. "Uh. Right, yeah. I don't wanna wake you if you're not already up, though. And I like the fresh air."

"It's not very fresh up here," Shuuichi says.

"Fresh as it's gonna get," Kaito says. "That, and..." He opens his mouth and there's a thought hanging on the end of his tongue, Shuuichi can sense it, but he shuts it away quick and swallows it with another mouthful of smoke. "Nah, nevermind."

"Kaito." Shuuichi's voice is almost stern enough to startle even him. He still feels strange using Kaito's given name sometimes, and it's an uncommon enough occurrence that Kaito stares at Shuuichi with wide eyes. "I- I want to know what's on your mind," Shuuichi says, softer now. "Please?"

Kaito is unresponsive for a few too-long moments. Finally, he sighs, turning his face away. "Sorry. I just feel like this is gonna sound kinda weird, but..."

He hesitates. Shuuichi says, "It's fine. Really, you know there's not a lot I could possibly find weird at this point."

Kaito snorts. "Yeah, y'know what, that's fair." He tilts his chin up, elbows coming to rest on the ledge. "The thing is. Despite everything, I still feel like the sky just calls out to me sometimes. And this isn't exactly the best place to get a good view, but it's all I've got, so..."

It's a confession so innocent and candid that it makes Shuuichi's chest ache with something unnameable. "Kaito..." He places a tentative hand on Kaito's forearm. "I don't think that's weird at all."

"You don't think so? I dunno." Kaito's mouth twists into a thoughtful shape. "You'd think I'd be sick of it, after seeing it up close."

Shuuichi's grip tightens on Kaito's arm, just slightly, but noticeably enough that Kaito's gaze breaks from the stars. It takes a bit of fumbling to think of what to say to something like that; he's only experienced death secondhand, after all, and any sympathy he could give would be ill-received. Kaito has never wanted anything like pity.

"We all deal with things differently," he finally settles on. "And, well. This is hardly the worst thing you could be doing to cope."

"Yeah, guess so," Kaito says. He takes another drag as though for emphasis, but is polite enough to exhale in the other direction. "When you say it like that... then again, you've always been good at, like, making things make sense."

"Ah- Thanks?"

Kaito laughs a little at that. "Why's that sound like a question? Just take the damn compliment."

"Right," Shuuichi says, forcing back the instinctive apology that wells in his throat. If nothing else, that's one more thing he's gotten better at. With a decisive nod, he repeats, "Yeah. Thanks."

Kaito moves his arm away, but only so that he can place his own hand over Shuuichi's. "Is it cool if we stay up here a little longer, then?"

"I don't mind." His own line of sight climbs up to the sky. Kaito was right; it's not the best view, but it's what they have for now. "I don't know if we should make this a habit, though."

"It's already a habit," Kaito points out.

Shuuichi can't argue with that. They've fallen into plenty of bad habits, so what's one more? Just another thing to bring up with his therapist, he reminds himself again.

So he doesn't argue. Instead, he turns his hand palm-up under Kaito's so that he can grasp it back, and with his eyes trained upward, he squeezes.





# *you and all your terrible glory*

*by sparrow*



It's raining.

Water droplets cascade down the window, while others merely stain the cloudy glass. Sometimes, it looks like the drops are racing.

Mostly, though, it seems like the sky is crying. A childish thought, maybe, but it's the one that runs through her head most often. And with how often it rains in this part of the city, she ends up thinking that a lot.

Her eyes flicker over to the clock on the wall. It's half-past three in the afternoon, and she's barely done anything. Rising from her bed isn't much, as she's only drifted to the worn sofa.

And she hasn't eaten. Her stomach isn't hungry, though. That might be from the lack of food in general, but she doesn't know. Doesn't know a lot of things, actually.

Like why she's still alive. Her hand brushes the scar that runs across her hairline and down towards her jaw. It's harder to see than it was when she first left the hospital, but it's still present if you look at her long enough. Luckily, nobody but her therapist does that anymore.

Speaking of, where is he? Team Dangan Ronpa arranged for him to arrive at her apartment twice a month at this time, since it was too dangerous for the 'survivors' to venture beyond the guarded walls. Too many protesters.

She doesn't feel like a survivor. She doesn't feel like a *person*.

There's a knock on the door. She scrambles to her feet and shuffles over, pulling it open to reveal her very drenched therapist.

"Apologies, Tsumugi-san," he greets, all too familiarly, "The storm was just awful."

*Don't call me that* dies in her throat as soon as she opens her mouth. Instead, she just pulls the door open wider and allows him to come inside.

They settle down across from each other, her back on the ratty sofa, and him in an armchair too expensive to be as soaking wet as it currently is.

"What have you been up to since we last met?" he asks, pulling out a clipboard from a backpack she always fails to notice.

Her throat is dry, and makes her voice rasp, "Not... a lot. I haven't left the apartment."

He nods and writes this down, "Well, with all the media attention, I can't see why you'd want to! How many people have you spoken to... besides me?"

"Two?" she guesses. She doesn't know if the person who picked up the phone when she ordered curry last week was the same person who came to the door or not.

He smiles, "That's a start, Tsumugi-san."

—

It's overcast today. Tsumugi pours herself a cup of peppermint tea and opens the window slightly. A light breeze tussels its way through the apartment, bringing with it the scent of dew and old cheese.

Maybe that's from her couch. Tsumugi isn't entirely sure.

Her therapist knocks on the door right on schedule. She drifts over to answer, her lips curling into a smile. Instantly, her face hurts. How long has it been since she's done that?

"Tsumugi-san! You look healthy!" he says cheerfully, "Shall we begin?"

Once they're both seated, he looks through his notes. He makes some seemingly neutral comments; her hair is washed, her clothes are clean, and the apartment has fresh air circulating.

"Have you tried getting in touch with your fellow survivors?" he asks with a smile all too wide for his face.

Tsumugi's fingernails dig into her teacup, "They hate me."

He sighs, "You know that's not an answer. Also, you don't know that."

"Saihara-kun threatened to kill me if he ever saw me again," Tsumugi replies coldly, "Harukawa-san and Yumeno-san wouldn't even *look* at me."

Her therapist writes this down, concern knitting itself onto his face, "I... see."

Tsumugi sinks her teeth into her lip.

—

"Are you sure you don't want to get that?"

Tsumugi's phone has gone off six times in the past ten minutes. She turns the ringer off and faces her therapist with a straightened back, "It's fine. Yumeno-san can wait until our session is done."

His eyes brighten, "Ah, you're talking with her!"

Tsumugi tucks a strand of hair behind her ear, "Yes. I... sent her an email a few weeks back, and she's been bombarding me with cat pictures ever since. It's nice."

"That's very sweet. I'm proud of you," he says, "Have the two of you discussed Season 53 in any capacity?"

Tsumugi shakes her head, "No, and I'm not going to be the one to bring it up. I don't... want to think about who I was back then."

Her therapist asks, "So you think that you've changed significantly?"

Tsumugi stares at the mottled carpet, "I don't know."

—

Hairline fractures aren't good for your memory, so Tsumugi has a written list in the kitchen of her major accomplishments.

- 1) Visited the farmer's market.
- 2) Hung out at Yumeno-san's apartment.
- 3) Started learning French.
- 4) Decided that learning French is annoying and burned the workbooks.
- 5) Called Harukawa-san.

It's a good list. With the months that pass, she does her best to add to it.

—

On the two year anniversary of Dangan Ronpa's end, Tsumugi hums to herself as she bustles around in the kitchen. It's a brilliant morning, and her heart feels all the warmer for it.

Her therapist knocks and she rushes over to the door with a smile on her face, "Good morning!"

"Good morning!" he greets, eyes widening slightly, "You've cut your hair!"

Tsumugi nods, "Harukawa-san did it. She said I look nicer when I'm not tripping over my hair constantly."

He chuckles, and makes his way inside. Once they're seated, he straightens his back and asks, "How have you been feeling?"

"Excited!" Tsumugi responds, "Tomorrow... I'm going to brunch with Yumeno-san and Harukawa-san."

Her therapist says, "That's excellent. A girl's day out, is it?"

Tsumugi says, "Well... Saibara-kun said he might join us. So... so the two of us can start making amends."

Her therapist puts his clipboard down and smiles gently, "I'm so proud of you, Tsumugi-san."

Tsumugi twirls a loose strand of hair around her finger and glances to the side. There's a bird singing outside her window.

"Thank you, Iidabashi-kun."







# Changed in the Night

by devicing



"This," Maki declares, "is a dream."

Between the smattering of leaves above her, the grin—suspended in the air like a lazy, crescent moon—replies, "What *ever* gave you that idea?"

The voice is unmistakable. Maki flinches before she can stop herself. But smiles don't have eyes, she reasons, so there's no need to think on it twice as she pushes on down the path. Her eyes stay fixed on the polished sheen of her spats as the path weaves and winds.

"Well, that's no fun." The voice echoes from ahead. There, on a gnarled old branch above her, sits the Cheshire Cat. The vertical slits of his pupils draw her attention first, haunting against the bright violet surrounding them, but it's hard to ignore the pricked ears poking out from his hair—even more so the tail flicking back and forth behind his crossed ankles. "Better places to be?" he purrs.

His ears are a silly shade of purple. A similarly-purple stripe spirals down his tail. It's twin—a bright shock of pink—causes something uncomfortable to curl in the pit of her stomach.

She casts the thought aside and her gaze off with it. The trunk of the tree below him is covered in nonsense signs, pointing every which direction. "*Warehouse*," one reads. "*Ultimate Child Caregiver Lab*," reads another. Pointing straight up to the Cat's needling grin is one that simply says, "*Exisal Hangar*."

Maki's jaw tightens. "I don't have time for this."

He chuckles. "Why, from where I'm standing, I'd say you've got all the time in the world! Trading in heartbeats for seconds on hours on years... what a rich little thing you are, to have so many to spare!"

Biting her tongue, she moves to sweep past the corkscrew stripes of his tail, but as fingers brush against fur, the lone purple stripe begins to snake upwards into nothing. She watches as the Cat slowly winks out of existence, inch by inch.

As the soft curves of his cheeks begin to fade away, leaving only that horrid, crescent smile and those haunting, bright eyes behind, he asks, "Hey, would you trade me a heartbeat if I asked nicely, Harumaki-chan?"

Before she can answer, she shocks at the feeling of wetness across her hand. The remaining stripe of violent pink had begun to melt away, dripping down her fingers. Smearing across her palm.

Sucking in a sharp breath, she furiously wipes the evidence away on her pretty white pinafore.

Familiar laughter echoes through the dark, "*No, you wouldn't, would you?*"

She hurries away from the sound.

—

The theme of this dream is far from subtle, so when Maki finds a small gate at the end of the path, it's not hard to imagine what lies beyond. She searches for a detour, but the brambly hedge walls on either side of the picket gate stretch out as far as the eye can see.

Scoffing at her cowardice, she unhooks the latch and marches ahead.

Steam hangs damp in the air. When she fans it away, sure enough, a tea-party comes into view. Rolling her eyes, she turns the first chair towards herself and starts.

The patch-work doll of Amami—bowtie askew and button eyes shimmering with condensation—lolls at the jostling. The teacup sewn into his palm sloshes along with it. The same, violent pink as the Cheshire Cat's tail makes such a pretty contrast to the soft felt of his hair.

Maki squints through the steam. Akamatsu's arms fold over the plate in front of her, but the collar of her dress does little to cover the angry marks across her plastic doll neck. Tojo looks as prim as ever, cracked porcelain lips painted in a demure smile. Even Hoshi's mouth is shoddily sewn-up to the red-rounds of his cheeks.

Up above the billowing steam Maki counts several more chairs leading onwards. Frowning, she continues through the haze.

“What is this, Ouma?” she demands, peering between the chairs as she reaches the head of the table. “Just tell me what you want.”

The Mad Hatter blinks owlishly over the lip of his teacup, but only answers with an enthusiastic slurp. To his right sits a single high-backed chair, pointedly turned away from the table. A bright magenta cup, steaming with freshly-poured tea, rests in front of it.

The Hatter notices her staring. “It’s very rude to come to a party uninvited, Harumaki-chan.”

She glares. “That’s not an answer.”

“Isn’t it?” he replies. “Well, even if you had been invited, you’re much too early.”

“Stop speaking in riddles,” she says. *I always hated that about you*, she doesn’t say.

The Hatter lifts one hand to his forehead, sweeping his teacup out dramatically with the other. Tea sloshes from it, but she deftly dodges. “Poor Harumaki-chan,” he cries, “Always barging in unwanted! Always charging ahead without a thought or care! Oh, how *dreadful* it must be, to be so very, very *simple*.”

“Simple?”

He grins again, peering at her through his fingers. “Yes, and if you’re going to crash our party, you might as well look the part!”

In one single motion, he drops the teacup and snaps his fingers. As the china shatters, she feels something tighten around her wrists and ankles. Shimmering thread spools out from her limbs, up into the steam above.

The Hatter’s smile is sharp as he pours himself another cup. “How fitting,” he says. “Now run along, little marionette! We have a party to tend to, and *you’re* not welcome.”

She tries to fight against the pull, but once a puppet, always a puppet. The Hatter softly clinks his teacup to the magenta one beside him as the gate slams shut.

—

“I should end this right now,” Maki says as she ducks under a leaf nearly twice her size.

“Sure you *should*,” the Caterpillar says, “but *can* you?” The letter *U* floats up from between his pursed lips. “That’s the real question.”

“Obviously,” she replies. “This is my dream. I know what it wants.”

“Oh?” His hair hangs wild around similarly wild eyes as he drapes himself over the side of his perch. “Hey, let’s turn it into a game—see if I can’t guess in 20 Questions!”

Maki fans away the colorful barrage of pipe-smoke question marks as they fly towards her face. “Let’s not.”

“No fun,” he pouts, a pale blue frowny-face drooping from his jutted lips.

“Sorry,” she says, not very sorry at all.

The Caterpillar shrugs, then takes a long pull from his pipe to blow an assortment of shapes into the air. A long-armed hammer. A glass bottle. A single arrow. A familiar flashlight.

“Well?” he asks, as the last one drifts away. “Out with it then.”

It should be easy to say what he wants.

...*It should*.

With great frustration, she forces the bear-trap clench of her jaw apart and says—

The pipe pressed up against her lips cuts her off. “Ah-ah-ah,” he says to her glare, each syllable punctuated with a tiny puff of lavender pipe-smoke. The violet of his eyes is strikingly bright among the haze. “Don’t say it unless you mean it.”

“I *do* mean it,” she says, smacking the pipe away with itching fingers.

The Caterpillar lazes further into the leaf, resting his chin upon one of his many hands. “No, you don’t. But you certainly *want* to.” He tilts the mouthpiece back and takes a long, indulgent drag.

Smoke pours out of him on a sigh as he rolls onto his back.

The color this time is a deep, carmine red. Like fountain pen trails, it loops into words above him.

*After all, they say, it would be so much easier.*

Maki's breath hitches. "I never said that."

His head tips to the side, one eyebrow raised as smoke continues to trickle out from his lips.

Then I could put that whole mess behind me.

"Stop putting words in my mouth."

His smile cuts through her in a way that makes her skin crawl. Red pours out between his teeth. Her stomach turns.

*Then all that guilt would go away.*

Pipe-smoke pools around her waist and seeps into her lungs. Around a cough, she says, "You don't know anything."

*All I'd have to do is say it—a single, empty apology.*

Her eyes burn as she blinks away the smoke trails. "Stop it."

*Because I do mean it—I am sorry—*

"I said stop!"

*—but really... only for one of them.*

She opens her mouth to yell, but chokes on her own dark words. As the sea of smoke engulfs her, she catches one last glimpse of the Caterpillar.

His smile is still there, but oh, how sad it is.

—

She's not surprised when she comes to behind a familiar podium. All things considered, the crown looks right at home atop Ouma's head.

"Which would you like first," the Red Queen simpers from his perch on the bench. "The sentence or the verdict?"

She crosses her arms. "Jumping the gun, aren't you?"

He shrugs. "I'd ask the witnesses, but..."

Spotlights illuminate the darkness, lighting podiums up one by one. Each one bears the same familiar portrait frame, the same familiar question-mark.

"I don't think they'd be of much help," he finishes, eyes colder than she's ever seen them.

"And what a shame, too," says the Cheshire Cat, appearing at the podium to her left. "They tried *so* hard."

"A dreadful shame indeed," the Caterpillar replies, smoke violet as he lounges at the podium to her right. "They died *so* young."

"Just terrible!" the Mad Hatter cries, sending tea everywhere in his fervor. "And to think it could have been avoided, too!"

The magenta teacup—miraculously undisturbed beside him—says nothing.

Maki decides this has gone on long enough.

"Ouma," she calls out, causing the Queen to turn from the cacophony back to her. "I'll take both—sentence *and* verdict."

"Oho?" he says, straightening to full height. "Well then, I hereby—"

"No," she says. "I'll do it myself."

Unlike his storybook counterpart, the Queen merely sits back, eyes gleaming expectantly.

Maki takes a deep, calming breath. The tension unspools from her white-knuckled grip. She looks to the Queen unflinchingly.

“Guilty,” she declares. “That’s what you wanted to hear, right?”

The courtroom falls silent. To the Queen’s raised eyebrow, Maki continues, “I... was a coward. And a fool, and I was almost willing to let everyone die so I wouldn’t have to confront the truth.”

“The truth?” the Queen asks, not a question at all.

“That *I* killed you,” Maki replies. “Indirectly, but still. I... I killed you both, and...”

The Queen tilts his head to the side, expression curiously blank.

“And you might have been awful,” she says carefully, “but maybe you weren’t as awful as I wanted to think. And for that, I’m... sorry. I really am.”

And it truly is that easy, isn’t it?

The spotlights go out. The Queen’s smile falls into something soft, almost genuine. Perhaps Ouma could have smiled that way too, once.

But before Maki can think much on that, the monarch exclaims, “Now then! The sentence!”

She frowns, “I said—”

A hand taps her on the shoulder. Maki turns.

It’s Ouma, plain and simple this time. She opens her mouth—still so many things left unsaid—but he doesn’t let her.

“Your sentence, Harumaki-chan,” he says, with a knowing little smile, “is to live with that verdict, and never, *ever* forget it.”

Then he pushes her away, and just like Alice, Maki falls

*down,*

*down,*

*down...*

— And then she wakes.

The dream ends. It’s yet another day full of heartbeats for Harukawa Maki.

Today, she rouses herself and stands, feeling lighter than she has in months. As the morning goes on—like Cheshire-grins and pipe-smoke—the dream eventually fades.

The lightness, at least, remains.

*“I wonder if I’ve been changed in the night [...] Was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I’m not the same, the next question is ‘Who in the world am I?’”*

— Lewis Carroll



Atvas Oracle



Asseater 69



Amiamuraaaaaantaro



yugimiko



not\_a\_toaster

...

Space-patrol-Momota



Liked by ahogedetective and 8,485 others

Space-patrol-momota with @crushedipanta! We thought it would be fun to meet a good boy in Shibuya.

gentle.bug Gonta hopes you have fun!

rollinggirl53 stay safe you degenerates! Shibuya can be dangerous!



so proud of you.

in good health,  
Saihara Shuichi

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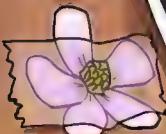


bring milk tea  
get that one nice

I've improved a lot during the days I've been awake. I feel good.  
-Maxi

It gets better.

Don't lose hope





# Writens

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sian ryoko otomashi

# Artists

## Aqui-chart

I really enjoyed the project! I'd like to thank all of the artists and the people who helped make it happen!

Ari

Good luck with your own growth! :D

ARYLL

sumai-koiger-right

Asteraws

STAN TRAINING THO!!! how neat this is

biggbyboof

Thank you so much for the opportunity to be a part of this project! I'm so grateful for the chance to draw for the first time!

birusabi

Thank you so much for the opportunity to be a part of this project! I'm so grateful for the chance to draw for the first time!

Cam

Thank you for taking the time to have this project! I'm so grateful for the chance to draw for the first time!

chelsea

Thank you so much for the opportunity to be a part of this project! I'm so grateful for the chance to draw for the first time!

clopp

Thank you very much! I'm so glad I got to be a part of this project! I'm so grateful for the chance to draw for the first time!

Gordielle

Thank you so much for the opportunity to be a part of this project! I'm so grateful for the chance to draw for the first time!

**GG** (tsumugician @ twitter)

"I'll tear out your nerves."  
(...just kidding! thanks for having me!)



**kaiiste** (kaiiste @ tumblr)

Thanks for having me in this zine!

**Kandy** (otomegrandma @ tumblr)

I like to imagine what an arc might look like for Syo as a character beyond being an extension of Fukawa. She's very fun, and I'm glad I had the chance to show my appreciation for her.



**Kaz Fantone** (gabble\_gabs @ ig, gabydraws @ twitter)

Danganronpa's characters have always held a special place in my heart, so it makes me happy to see them grow and be positive through this zine!

**keavy imogen** (kiwichips @ ig, youtube)

can I get a wahoo?



**Kosame** (Kosonah @ ig, twitter)

This is my first time joining a zine, so I was super excited to be apart of this project ♥



**Lance Hengya** (flashcotton @ ig, lancehengya @ twt)

I wanted to represent the difficult but important process of revisiting your past actions with acceptance, honesty, and empathy. Thanks so much for having me!



**Lilenee** (Lilenee @ ig, Lilenee0 @ twitter)

Danganronpa is one of my favorite game series, so I'm very honored to be part of this zine!

**luckcycler** (luckcycler @ tumblr, twitter)

I'm glad to have participated in this zine! It was fun drawing characters I don't usually draw.



**lusca** (luscannot @ ig, lsgndry @ twitter)

berleezy is doing an sdr2 playthrough on youtube rn and its so funny, pls watch it



**mod mini** ([ministarfruit @ tumblr](#), [twitter](#))

we gotta self-love to serve love, baby!!



**Minntea** ([Merrymintt @ ig](#), [Merrymint @ twitter](#))

In NDRV3, Trial 4 has always affected me deeply.  
I wanted to make something where all of them are happy.



**miru** ([\\_miruo @ twitter](#))

being in this zine was so fun,  
thank you so much for having me as a contributor!



**Pom** ([purxns @ tumblr](#), [purxns @ twitter](#))

they're burning, as they should be :D



**Rock Salt** ([blue.mooned @ ig](#), [Miss\\_Intention\\_ @ twitter](#))

Everyone has such amazing pieces and  
I'm so happy to be accepted into this zine! Thanks so much~



**Snow** ([SnowCarnival @ twitter](#))

Kuzupeko content enriches my soul.



**Sunny** ([jsunnyart @ tumblr](#), [nicorinpan @ twitter](#))

thanks for picking up this zine,  
i'm so happy to have been able to participate! <3



**tizzy** ([neon-nuisance @ tumblr](#), [neon\\_nuisance @ twitter](#))

Komaeda was always my favourite, and I thought it  
would be nice to do an introspective piece.



**Turnip** ([iguana-daughter @ tumblr](#), [iguanadaughter @ twt](#))

Many characters from this series hold a special place in my heart,  
so I wanted to picture a future for some that didn't get one—a future with  
a chance to grow, thrive, and be surrounded by friends!



**vix** ([mercy\\_above @ twitter](#))

imagine that im a giant bird and all the v3 girls are  
baby chicks under my wings





Thank you for your support.

May you continue on your path for growth  
and may it be ever beautiful.



